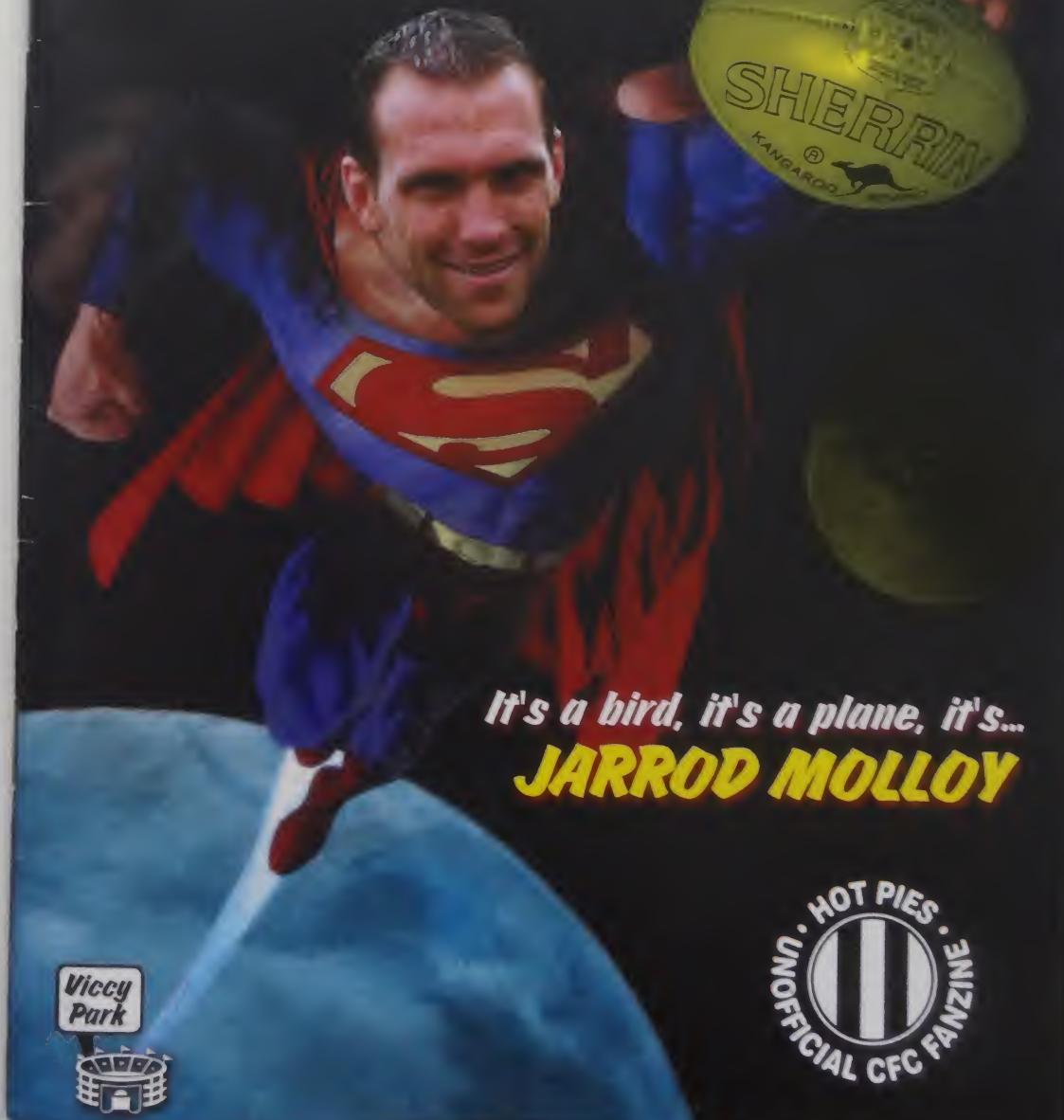


Hot Pies



It's a bird, it's a plane, it's...
JARROD MOLLOY



HOT PIES.
UNOFFICIAL CFC FANZINE

24 hours a day
1 days a week

Red Hot Chicks

Free!
Membership

don't
get your
credit cards
ready!



... is not what you'll find at Hotrod's Extreme Black & White web site.

So when you're sick of trawling the internet for endless porn switch on over to Hotrod's place and join your fellow Pie Extremists for a good healthy dose of the black and white.

www.magpies.org.au/extreme

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Hot Pies

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don't bloody think so, maybe next year

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Disclaimer

Hot Pies is a satirical fanzine inspired by a love of football and Collingwood. We make up stuff and spout our two-bob opinions in an attempt to amuse ourselves and other like-minded football supporters. Very little of what we say is factual. Hot Pies is not bound by imposed standards of good taste or sportsmanship. Hot Pies is not suitable for those who are easily offended or hard to amuse. It's all about footy, not taking yourself too seriously and having a laugh. The fellas down at Lulie Street have no involvement whatsoever in the production of Hot Pies (but we suspect they secretly like it)

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HOT PIES

unknown sauces



"I'm telling you Big Al, there's a fortune to be made in these birds."

HATCHING A FORTUNE

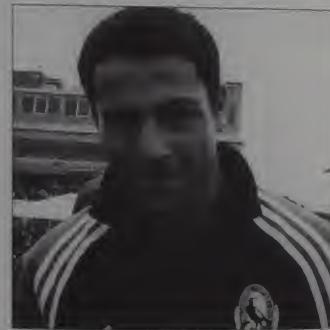
Whilst our baby magpies are leading the way on the field it appears that our baby ostrich's are the ones really kicking goals off it. During the heady days of the early 1990's the Collingwood Football Club under the McAlistar regime got heavily involved in the Ostrich farming industry. Last year Ostrich farming delivered more than \$1000 for club coffers. Combine this with the expected windfall from various pyramid selling scams the club also runs and it is expected that the broken window in the Social Club should be repaired sometime really soon.

ARSE BAN PLAN

The much loved congratulatory arse pat may be the cause behind the most common injury to effect AFL players. Latest research has shown that the patting of the arse (popular amongst elite sportspeople) draws blood away from the hamstring muscle region and redirects it to the arse. This results in starving the hamstring of blood and oxygen, thus rendering it vulnerable to strains and tears. Last year hamstring injuries affected over 1000 AFL players. A vote on whether to impose an 'arse pat ban' will be put the AFL Players Association Assembly in November. It is not expected to get up

OFF THE RADAR

Collingwood supporters can look forward to improved disposal from Paul Licuria over the next few weeks. It appears that the titanium plates used to hold Paul's face together are interfering the electrical impulse signals in his brain. This interference is affecting Licuria perception of distance and space. A team of top neurologists gather each week to readjust the position of the inserted face plates. It is hoped they will cure the problem soon and also enable Licuria to hear FM radio through the fillings in his teeth.



NEVER AGAIN

Mastermind of the Sydney Olympic opening and closing ceremonies Ric Birch has vowed never to work with the AFL again following a fallout with the Collingwood Football Club. Birch was hired to produce the half time entertainment to celebrate Anthony Rocca's 100th game. However Rocca's shock omission from the Fremantle game ruined months of extensive planning. Anyone looking to purchase 32 Grand Piano's, 450,000 balloons and a 75 metre inflatable ball with Anth's head on it can contact the club.



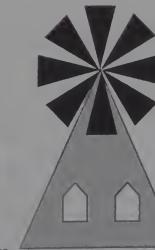
BIKINI BAN

Teenage heart-throb Damien Adkins has been in the thick of things during the off-season attracting the wrath of Mick Malthouse and the catwalk set alike. As most of you are probably aware Adkins season has been cut short due to a severe case of osteo pubis, what the club has managed to keep secret until now is the cause of the injury. It appears that pressure from the fashion industry for Damien to wax his bikini line for swim suit opportunities combined with his iron will to succeed at everything have combined to create the most savage genital waxing in AFL history. According to insiders, "He's made a mess of the whole thing, the area looks like a red raw overcooked curry puff with a sort of a mohawk". The continuing problems with ingrown hairs and infection make it impossible to predict when Adkins will walk again, although he should be available for selection about six weeks after that.



RUMOUR MILL

Contrary to popular rumour Hot Pies would like to confirm that Tom did not leave Nicole after spending a week at a Geelong pre-season camp. So go ahead Tommy, sue us for that one.



OVER THE LIMIT

Collingwood management has been asked for a 'please explain' from the AFL over unauthorised advertising during the Blockbuster Carlton game several weeks ago. The source of the problem is the number 5, which appeared on the left Butt cheek of Tarkyn Lockyer. It is thought to be an act of ambush advertising from the TAC advertising the 50 km speed limit message. The message was clearly visible to a television audience of over 2.1 mill when both of Tarkyn's cheeks were exposed due to an atomic wedgie during the third quarter on the Southern Stand wing. It is understood that leading Proctologist and part time AFL investigations officer Rick Kennedy is probing into the matter.

50

THE BIG PAY BACK

In a gesture which shocked club accountant Pixie Skase, it seems that Magpie die-hard and all round nice guy Rick Ollarenshaw offered to return his player payments for the two years he called Vicky Park home. For the record Ollarenshaw played just one game in the two years he was at Collingwood after being exchanged in a draft deal involving a hack by the name of Adam Ramanaskus.

Apparently Ollarenshaw was heard to say, "You guys have been so good to me and I have completely let you down, I feel bad about taking all this money. Please take it back" It's the sort of team orientated gesture that you just don't see anymore, whilst in other news Michael Gaynor has been nominated for Time magazine's 'Man of the Year' again.

Wow!
They paid me
\$25,000 per
kick. Eat your
heart out Viduka.



HOT PIES

letters



Hot Pies,

Who do you have to know to get a rising star nomination these days. Every week we read more babble about how good our kids are but none of our boys seem to get up. Have any of our young stars been nominated yet? I don't know I haven't been paying much attention lately, but that's not the point. How come we don't have a nominee each and every week. Who are these faceless Rising Star judges anyway, probably a bunch of pencil-necked accountants who barrack for Hawthorn and win footy tipping competitions I bet.

Naomi

Campbellfield

Hot Pies,

Hi guys here's a joke that makes me laugh every time I read the injury listings in the paper. Q. Why is Ricky Ollarenshaw the only player guaranteed to have sex? A. Because he's always 'in-definite'.

James

Moonee Ponds

Hot Pies,

My wife and I are keen Collingwood fans but I like to keep football out of the bedroom. My wife however has different ideas. She has taken to the notion of calling her breasts her 'Breastis-giacomas'.

or her 'Breastis' for short. Now I love the Pies as much as the next guy and I have a lot of respect for the way Presti attacks the ball, but calling her love pillows her 'Breastis' isn't so good for football. Donna, if you're reading this would you please stop, you're putting me off my game.

Barry

Email

Hot Pies,

I'm an attractive older lady who is desperately looking for some male companionship/possible relationship. As you can imagine I was shocked to learn that the entire team is single and up for grabs. Being a young team I'm sure they could benefit from my experience. Is there some kind of matchmaking service that could link players with devoted supporters or do I have to join the Magnets and take a number in the queue?

Mildred Hannah

Hungerford

Hi Guys,

Loved watching Barnsey before we belted the Blues. Jimmy Barnes is a dead set legend of Oz rock. Those guys he had as background dancers look like poofs but.

Darren

Berwick

Hot Pies,

I don't like these 7 o'clock starts at Docklands. It's a real pain in the arse for people like me who catch the bus from Albany each week. Do you think there's any chance they could change it to 7:15pm instead?

Rosemary Goodwin

Albany, WA

Hot Pies,

Do you know if Eddie offers his negotiation skills on a freelance basis. If so I'd like him to negotiate a settlement between me and my ex-wife Denise. I bought that car. It's mine and there's no reason they shouldn't have let her keep it.

Graham

Mill Park

Dear Joffa,

Love the wig, you remind me of Barbara Streisand.

Dave

Email

Dear Hot Pies,

I don't know if you have noticed it or not but has anyone ever seen David King and Saddam Hussain at the same place at the same time. I think not but furthermore I think they could well be one and the same person. Can't we get the U.N. involved?

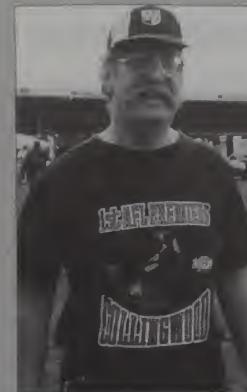
Sheree

CFC Email

magpie vox poop

Hot Pies has put in the hard yards and asked very average Collingwood supporters the most beaten-up question so far this year.

Has football become boring?



"Oddly enough I only find football interesting when we are losing. I've been on the edge of my seat for the last ten years now." Des



"It certainly has become boring. It's true that most women only became interested in footy to see a bit of tight bun action. Now that footy shirts have gone baggy we don't even get a cheap perky anymore. It's an outrage." Glenys



"Footy is inherently boring until my seventh can and then things usually start to heat up." Melvin

"I wouldn't say it was boring but it'll never be as exciting as riding a W-class tram as it hurtles along St Kilda Rd. Now that's excitement." Arthur



"Not as boring as this stupid magazine." Tezza

email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au



HOT PIES

the playing list

HOT PIES
OFFICIAL CFC FANZINE

1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178cm	75kg	15 games
2	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	179	75	18
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	99	118
4	Alan Didak	15/02/83	182	81	0
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	91	163
6	Brodie Holland	03/01/80	180	82	36
7	Jarrod Molloy	12/05/76	189	99	120
8	James Clement	04/09/76	190	93	84
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	183	84	90
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	87	38
11	Shane O Bree	15/03/79	180	83	41
12	Steve McKee	20/06/78	199	103	27
13	Andrew Ukovic	23/11/78	189	79	31
14	Shane Wakelin	12/08/74	191	94	94
15	Carl Steinfort	01/04/77	191	89	65
16	James Wasley	19/07/79	180	84	23
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	84	105
18	Paul Licuria	04/01/78	179	86	45
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	183	82	30
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	191	92	43
21	Brent Tuckey	27/08/79	192	94	18
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	78	3
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	194	104	98
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	178	79	36
25	Josh Fraser	05/01/82	202	95	10
26	Ben Johnson	05/04/81	178	84	14
27	Dale Baynes	29/11/80	189	93	1
28	Ben Kinear	27/02/79	193	99	29
29	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	85	22
30	Danny Roach	06/01/82	191	85	0
31	Andrew Dimattina	09/11/77	183	88	10
32	Nick Stone	01/10/81	192	94	0
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	183	86	47
34	Jason Cloke	06/05/82	188	90	0
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	193	97	69
36	Guy Richards	21/03/83	200	83	0
37	Ryan Lonie	04/03/83	188	85	0
38	Chad Rintoul	31/07/74	180	85	62
49	Leigh Sheehan (rookie)				
40	Chris Odell (rookie)	28/01/81	178	79	0
41	Jason Heath (rookie)	06/04/82	189	74	0
43	Nathan Lovett-Murray (rookie)	14/07/82	187	80	0
44	Andrew Hill (rookie)	18/11/82	187	76	0
45	Steven Rode (rookie)	23/06/81	188	80	0
		06/04/80	201	98	0



HOT PIES

almost accurate as 1/1/2000

Hot Pies Player of the Month

Jarrod Molloy

In a very short time, a very big man has left a huge impact at the World's Greatest Football Club.

Hot Pies salutes Jarrod Molloy by selecting him as our player of the month.

The Collingwood forward line has been transformed into a magical place often referred to as Anything Can Happen Land.

This is in no small way due to the fact that Jarrod Molloy has come to play.

Jarrod is like the finest of toilet paper.

Strong when he needs to be and soft when he has to be.

Pay attention next time he turns an opponent inside out while deftly keeping the ball on a string.

That's the sort of strength and softness that Kleenex can only dream of.

There is no disputing that this man has guts.

It shines through in simple ways, like responding to the "Hey Jarrod, Give us a Wave" chant.

His nonchalant responses display a level of confidence and courage rarely seen in the modern era.

However it also alludes to a human and vulnerable side to the most intimidating man in football.

His small wave each week says "Hey, I know you're out there, I feel your love, I love you too, would you like me to iron somebody out for you?"

Molloy is a paradox, a living legend torn between good and evil.

His hobbies include such popular pastimes as cock-fighting and baking.

Misunderstood by many throughout his life it is



fitting that he has arrived at a Club with more bipolar sufferers (especially at Board level) than any other. (He's one of us, you Bastards)

It's not only Ken Bruce who has gone completely mad. Who would have thought the Collingwood forward line would contain players who actually enjoy chasing and harassing opponents.

When Jarrod first came to Collingwood I thought, "Oh No! Not that fat kid from 'Hey Dad'!"

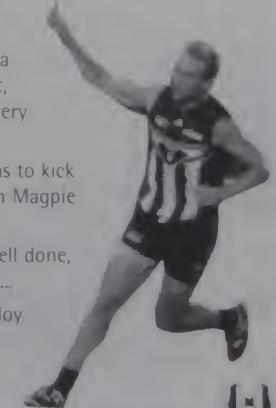
But now when I see his name on the team sheet I feel more confident and relaxed than I have since watching Brad Rowe strut his stuff.

Knowing that Jarrod is out there means that we are guaranteed to have a man with footy nous having a go at every contest, every opponent, every week.

As soon as he learns to kick straight his place in Magpie history is assured.

Congratulations, well done, thanks for coming ...

Jarrod "Horse" Molloy.



HOT PIES



| Hotrod's Casting Couch Confessions

Football has a lot in common with porn. If you walked into a room and it was on the telly your eyes would be immediately drawn to it like Kim Beazley to a jam doughnut. You want to know who just scored!!!

Of course we all have our favourites like Buckley and Del Rio but we also have an eye out for any fresh meat on the scene – the 'young talent' or the 'old hand' – the new recruits. So as the Derek Kickett of porn, Ron Jeremy once opined to Nina Hartley, "Check out these little fellas!"

Alan "Daks" Didak

A natural born thriller like a GTHO Falcon he looks good even when he's standing still. After a year at Port he comes to the club match ready for a role in the midfield wing rotation. I'm not saying he already looks the goods but he is living proof as to why you should NEVER trade away your number three pick in a draft!



Chasin' Jason Cloke

Strongly built defender whose interrupted pre-season has seen him already develop his old man's love handles. He's your no-nonsense type of player who, like a horny mortician, likes a bit of body on body stuff. The big question is: will his young head have the strength to support a fully grown handle-bar mo? 2002



Shane "Ken Doll" Wakelin

I actually winced when we called his name out at the draft. I winced more when the draft became an episode of The Weakest Link as everybody passed on the umpteen picks after him. I continued to wince as, like being trapped in a Billy Brownless sentence, his rehab appeared to be going nowhere. But almost, as if overnight, he'd joined in full training and has never looked back. Wakes is like a good second car. Not polished but at a bargain price. A handy pick-up! Besides, with his designer stubble, smooth looks and year round tan somebody had to replace Mal Michael!



Brodie "Clogs" Holland

A former top pick in a previous draft, Holland's career suffered at the hands of that mad scientist, Dr Drum. Thankfully he's beat the drum and under Malthouse's watchful eye has developed into a potent forward flanker come mid-fielder. Currently recovering from a knee injury, his best football, like Peter Costello's smile, has never been seen.

James Clement

Another victim of Bongo Drum's coaching. Jimmy is the chips and salad complement to Collingwood's veal parmigiana. A seasoned defender who is anything but out of place in the forward half. Basically something we didn't have but did need, also nursing a crook knee.



Jarrod Molloy

Speaking of Mal Michael, we come to the one-man gang! If daics is a 'stang then Molloy is an F100 who at 24 comes to us with incredibly low mileage. This bloke is tough. A strongly built forward who can play down back, he will help straighten us up as well as toughen us up. Thank Kerrrrrist that we now have an enforcer on the paddock. make no mistake, 'The Moll' is definitely on patrol!

Carl Steinfort

A blue collar footballer. A shoulder injury curtailed his pre-season. Recruited with the apparent purpose of a midfield tagger role. Whilst his disposal is from from silky, if you need convincing, remember Mark Orchard was our midfield tagger last year.

"The Nice" Guy Richards

A dream come true! At over 200cm Collingwood have finally recruited a genuinely skilled and mobile tap ruckman. That doesn't need to be hidden on the ground. There is one catch though! He's 18 and all skin and bone – he's the Ally McBeal of Ruck!! 2002!

Chad Rintoul

Clearly a graduate of Mick Malthouse's WA 'Body By Jake' Muscle factory. Rintoul is another mid-fielder who's bulk alone guarantees him senior action. If he does nothing else all season then surely flattening that suckhole David King in the Rubber Cup has earned his year's wages! A no frills meat and three veg footballer with a head like Barney Rubble – you gotta love that!

Rocca posters

My bedroom walls are white.

I discovered this last week. That may sound a bit strange considering that I've lived there most of my life. Even stranger since I'm not a complete moron (otherwise I'd be an AFL umpire). The reason for this discovery is Collingwood's recent "rebuilding" process.

For the last nine years or so, my room has been completely plastered with Sav Rocca posters.

I'm talking wall-to-wall-bordering-on-deranged here. But that doesn't mean that I'm one-dimensional.

I also have signed posters of Daics and Rowdy above my desk, which will probably stay there for a while. But that's the past, and I must look to the future.

Those who saw Collingwood lose to the Kangaroos in the Ansett Cup will now be fully aware that the Saveloy is a non-magpie.

So you can see the situation I am facing with my room.

But first, while we are on the subject of that match, the Kangaroo's last quarter free kick in front of goal was a BLOODY DISGRACE. I am still spitting chips about that. Unbelievable. Hitting someone's knee with your shoulder blade is obviously going to be penalised from now on.

Anyway, back to my story.

The Collingwood fan's tradition of pulling down heaps of posters is not completely new to me.

I've been through this experience many years ago. I used to be a big Athas "The Greek God" Hryszoulakis fan, but he and Leigh Matthews didn't see eye-to-eye.



Matthews thought that players should attend training. That ended my first bout of fanaticism.

So I spent a recent afternoon taking all of my Sav posters down, as well as a couple of other players who have been up there for far too long. BT, Monkey, Scooter and others from 1990.

And there it was. A bare white wall, without any black! It won't last long.

So what will my room, and more importantly the Collingwood forward line, look like in season 2001? Who will be my next heroes?

I've decided to start my own rebuilding phase. I'm going for youth, I'm looking for depth as opposed to putting all my eggs in the same basket al'l'a The

Sav Principle, which so many put so much faith in from A. Shaw* down to most of my poor sorry teenage years.

I will make room for Jarrod. Chrissy T will take pride of place and Neon will stand beside Ant. I've gone from one hero to four and they were all pretty much under my nose the whole time.

I'll miss Sav. I'll miss seeing him first thing in the morning and last thing at night but times have changed and the Pies have got new heroes.

* Footnote: If Tony Shaw evens mentions Sav Rocca this year I will be tempted to do something very very stupid

Taffie

How I missed my place in Magpie history by a beer – or a piss

I went over to my brother's place on Christmas Day. As I walked in, he grabbed me and guided me to the lounge room.

There, sitting amongst the torn Christmas paper was a massive photographic print – framed and mounted behind glass.

It was one of those commemorative sporting pictures – the type that Tony Greig flogs for \$300-plus all summer long.

But the scene in this photo was instantly familiar – it's a wide-angled shot of a packed Victoria Park on an overcast winters day. The angle was familiar too. It had been taken from the scoreboard, directly behind where we always stood at home games.

The calligraphy under the photo read: "Last Day at Victoria Park". Alongside it (in finer print, thank Christ) are the scores. The day we had looked forward to – and dreaded. The result we had expected – and dreaded.

My eye then went wandering through the crowd. Shit, I thought, I could be in this. At first it appeared to be just a sea of heads – and the backs of heads, at that. But then, some of the heads at the bottom of the picture came into focus.

My brother pointed out the back of his own cap. He had only spotted it because his mate, Beggo, is standing alongside him with his face up-turned to the sky, pouring the remnants of a plastic beer cup into his mouth.

And there, alongside them, I recognise the back



of a familiar set of heads. The serious footy fans – Lloyd, Dean and Scott – are watching the game intently, only distinguishable because of their colourful clothes or bald heads.

My mate Kit, who always saw Victoria Park games as a great excuse to drink all day, is captured (back to the footy action) obliviously facing towards the scoreboard (and the camera). He's mouthing off to his girlfriend and about to take another swig.

Everybody's there – except me. I can only guess I was either buying a shout or taking a piss. A crying shame, really. But I know I was there – I've got my own photographic evidence of the day.

On Boxing Day, I went through some of those photos. Amongst the shots is one of my brother and I standing in front of that flaky old Victoria Park scoreboard.

There we are, slightly out of focus. The Pies sorry plight is recorded on the right – down 71 to 21 – sometime in the second half.

And over on the left of the photo, underneath the word "RACE", you can just make out a couple of blokes standing inside the scoreboard. Tellingly, one of them has a camera mounted in front of him.

It's an 'I-was-there' kind of photo – the kind you plan to show your kids. It's my proof that places like Arden Street, the Western Oval, Glenferrie and the Junction Oval didn't always look like graveyards.

It's a lasting reminder of a time before ground rationalisation, when 12 teams played six games of footy at two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

And when you went home on a Saturday night, there were never any asterisks next to your team's name on the ladder. You knew where you stood.

TOFF

HOT PIES



HOT PIES



Codswallop

absolute 'n utter
Codswallop decides that it's time somebody stood up for the little blokes and sheilas who took out a lot of their hard earned to guarantee themselves a little bit of footy action only to find out they're only another "revenue source".

Hot Pies has decided to go into bat for AFL Members. We're doing this for a number of reasons. For a start they are true footy supporters not like most of the in-bred birth-right members of the Cricket Club, this writer is a member and the AFL is screwing this particular group of footy supporters blind.

What makes it significant for Pie supporters is that Collingwood Club Supporters (an AFL member category whereby the CFC get the equivalent dollars for a standard membership) make up the largest group of AFL members.

What makes the deal that CFC AFL members become even less rosy is when you think of the recent Richmond, Essendon and Carlton run of games where AFL members are now almost forced into buying reserved seats. It only costs about \$6, but multiply that by those three games and the return encounters and you're up to \$30.

Add this to an annual \$360 payout plus a \$30 booking fee (yeah, you heard right Muggins, a flippin' \$30 booking fee) for the Granny and you're looking at about \$420.

Consider that about five years ago when one rocked up early to get an unreserved Grand Final seat, membership was about \$270. That's a 50% increase in a period where inflation has been less than 3-4% for the entire time and more like 1% for most of it.

And listen to Wayne Jackson say how convenient it is that you can now book your seat and not have to arrive early. Personally I don't find it convenient to go to a Ticketmaster outlet during the week or get stung with extra fees on the option of a credit card purchase.

And I didn't find it convenient when you sold an undisclosed amount of tickets to Medallion Club, Access One and however many other rich pricks that can afford to jump the queue and buy their way in to two or three games a year.

I prefer SUPPORTING MY TEAM and rocking up every week. I probably fork out the same amount of money by the end of the year but I still get screwed. Figure it out.

And it might not be that inconvenient for a Carlton or a Richmond fan that may have to do it once a year but when you do it six or seven times a year it gets beyond a joke.

And AFL membership used to be marketed and sold as a 99% guarantee entry to the Granny. Now half the remaining seats are balloted midway thru the year and the rest sold to AFL members with Club Support packages for the competing teams. You got jack-shit chance of getting a ticket these days, unless – lo and behold – you're prepared to queue up for days at a Ticketmaster outlet. The very thing all this booking shit was meant to guard against.

Was I surprised to see that the AFL membership department being investigated for an alleged incident of fraud? Errr, no, not really.

Last time I called to lodge a complaint and voice my opinion as a member of 25 years, I was told I could cancel my membership if I didn't like the rules. Twenty-five bloody years. I didn't mind the rules until they changed them every six months.

Something got lost in the mindset of those idjits running the AFL. That would be us, the fans, also known at AFL HQ as The Suckers.

Changing Styles

Forget personal bests and record time trial times. For many of us there's only one measure that truly reflects where a players mind is at, it's all in the hairstyle. These are a few of the movers and salon shakers that have been all the talk of pre-season training.

Shane O'Bree Designer Dreds

I'm sure his mother hates them but judging by the response of the Magnet girls the ladies certainly love it. Bookies are divided over the inspiration for Shane's Dreds. Are they a tribute to Ronnie Wearmouth? An embrace of Rasta ideals?, or a cheap device to attract additional Brownlow votes. It matters little because style flair and courage get the three votes for this one.



Andrew Dimmatina Public Servant Deluxe

As anyone who followed Andrew Tranquilli's career will attest, getting a regular game can really change a person. No more is this evident than the hairstyle transformation undergone by Andrew Dimmatina over the past twelve months. At first he warmed our hearts with a humble yet poorly executed 'Krusty The Clown' flop-top special. Now as he establishes himself in the top 22 it's strictly business for the workmanlike Dimma. Sure it's neat and easy to maintain but is this the sort of message we want to be sending to our kids, namely to be successful you must have a conservative hairstyle. I certainly hope not!



Greg Swann Pre-Mullet Spike-Top

It's hip to be square for Swannie this year as he goes back to the future for follicle inspiration in 2001. Having an uncanny resemblance to Huey Lewis is not enough when your balancing books and breaking hearts. Hence Swannie 2001 has dug deep, shown true leadership and brought the spike top into play. Whispers around level three suggest that this is just the first stage in 'operation mullet'. If Swannie did revive the mullet it would make him the first AFL C.E.O. to have one since Kelvin Templeton's miserable efforts in the early 1990's. Rock On' Mr. Swann.



Ryhs Shaw The Chin-rest G.T. stripe

Facial Hair is nothing new to the Shaw family. Father Ray flew the flag high with a handlebar job that oozed macho distinction. Now Shawry mark II is making his own mark on the facial hair front. The inspiration for the Chin-rest G.T. stripe is uncertain, however as the name suggests people often choose to grow hair on this part of the face to reduce the amount of friction and chafing often associated with certain indoor contact sports. Keep your head down and you can look forward to a big season son.



2001 version



HOT PIES



HOT PIES

Footsteps ... Paying homage to the hard men

Fabulous Phil Carman

Fabulous, flamboyant or a fat-headed f*ckwit depending on your perspective, Phil Carman didn't take shit from anyone.

He only played 66 games for the Pies but definitely deserves this Footsteps tribute as one of Collingwood's hardmen.

by Klaus von Hopkins

1975

The Pies shelled out big time to get Phil to come over from SA club Norwood to Vickie Park in 1975. The Pies had been trying to get him since before the Vietnam War. Finally when hard nut 50's legend Murray Weideman took over as coach a cheque was written that was big enough.

Phil was one of the first high priced recruits of the Seventies. Phil had a mink lined, centrally heated private dressing room where he used to go through his pre-match warm-up routine of licking beluga caviar from the nipples of his personal Swedish masseuse.

This rigorous regime helped Phil perform to his best topping the goal kicking and grabbing the Copeland Trophy from only 15 games in his first year. Phil's return from injury late in the year saw the Woods make a dazzling run at the five. The Tigers rolled us in the elimination final by four points.

1976

Unfortunately in 1976 word of his luxury arrangements leaked out to the rest of the players when captain Wayne Richardson stumbled upon Phil's boudoir. Wayne accidentally triggered the secret door into Carman's chamber by absent-mindedly flushing the urinal and caught a glimpse of Phil naked in the jacuzzi with two blondes.

This discovery bred resentment amongst the other players who shivered on chilly concrete and had cold lard rubbed over their muscles by fat balding trainers.

Phil's only mate at the club was the coach. 'The Weid' was too busy to spend quality time with Phil. He was brawling with the crazy Club President who kept sticking his nose in everywhere and bad mouthing everyone. When the screwy Pres shelled out more big bucks to entice Tuddy away from his player/coach fiefdom at Essendon, the Weid started to feel he was on shaky ground.

Carman offered to "take care of him" for the Weid, but Murray wanted to settle it with a two-men-enter-one-man-leaves style wrestling cage match. The Weid went into training for the anticipated showdown but in the end the committee wouldn't okay it.

So nobody talked to Phil, the Pies had a shit season and the Swedish masseuse stopped putting out. Phil started to have a few Bundy and Cokes before training. He often took his frustration out on the field.

Phil was a rare hard man who could never be sure of any back up from his team-mates if things got a bit willing. For Phil the whack off the ball ('the Libba') was just as likely to come from a jealous beluga starved team-mate as it was the opposition.

1977

When Hafey took over from "the Weid" in 1977 his genius move was to set up a player incentive scheme that saw the best player from the week before join Phil in the Jacuzzi with the blondes.

This was pivotal in motivating the Pies from stone motherless last the one season to the grand final the next.



After Collingwood

Carman went on to play stints for Melbourne, Essendon and North Melbourne but Carman's greatest hard man moment came when he arrived at Essendon. Playing against the Saints at Moorabbin in 1980, Carman was explaining to the boundary umpire that he'd missed something in an incident involving himself and Gary Sidebottom. Phil was very close to the umpire because he believed that he was hearing impaired.

What happened next appeared to be a headbutt. But as Carman told the tribunal, "It was not as though I deliberately did anything. I didn't realise he was so bloody close." Up to that point Phil's myopia had gone undiagnosed through a long SANFL and VFL career. It is a testimony to his true ability that he played with such great talent despite this secret disability.

Anyway, deceptive video of the incident (and the fact that it was his seventh time at the tribunal) saw Phil go for 16 weeks. Phil took the misunderstanding to the Victorian Supreme Court but the judges didn't help him any. So footy has really fucked Phil around.

Coaching

And yet Phil's commitment to footy is strong. He has been passing on his brand of vigorous play as coach of SANFL team Sturt since 1995.

He has had them appearing in the final series for the last four years where his players have been encouraged to go the whack in true Carman style.

But the end of an era may be near. Phil's contract was only renewed for this year amid speculation that he had to make substantial concessions to continue at Sturt. For a change his position at the football club relies on his support among the players which he believes he can count on.

"I've certainly got the support of the players and ... even though we have had some success to get where we are, I am hoping we can punch, squirrel and headbutt that much harder to realise something next season," Carman said when his re-appointment was finalised last year.

Good Onya Phil!

Racehorse



HOT PICS • NO. 8 • HOTPIES

Those were the days my friends

As we storm into the finals for the first time in years it inspired me to search through my footy archives to relive some of those teenage memories of the 1970s.

My mind wandered way back to 1979 – a time when football was played on Saturday afternoons in metropolitan Melbourne and almost every week the mighty Collingwood side was victorious and a certainty to play off in the finals.

(We won't mention the grand final results, but I am sure that in the near future with the further use of technology and litigation in sport that we will be retrospectively awarded the 1966, 1970 and 1979 day and 1980 night premierships through upheld protests to those blatantly incorrect and unjust decisions we all witnessed that robbed us of rightful victories.)

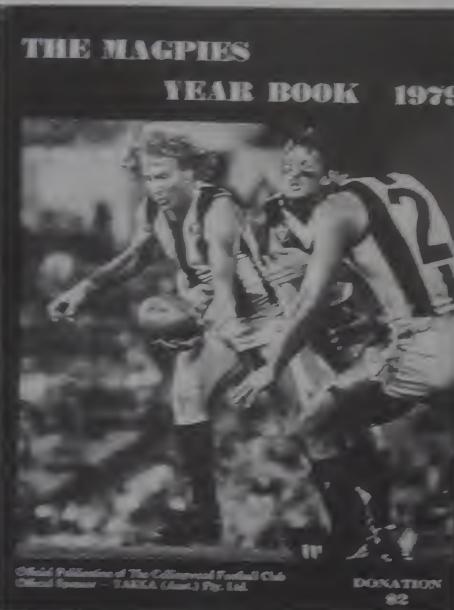
These were simple times and a look at the player interviews from the 1979 Magpie Year Book provide a remarkable insight into the life of the footballer in 1979, as compared to the modern day football culture.

Professionalism

The first thing that struck me about these times was the obvious differences between the status of players, occupations.

In these modern times those few players who are not fully professional are on the media and promotional gravy train.

But not back in



1979. What a sensational bunch of businessmen we had representing the club!

Check out these guys – Meatworker (Russell Ohlsen), Fence Erector (David Brine), Timberyard (Greg Whitcroft), Private Investigator (Ross Considine), First Class Metal Worker (Mark Warren), Hairdresser (Rene Kink) and Circuit Assistant (Wes Fellowes).

Can you imagine Captain Bucks scanning the Saturday Age for jobs like these?

Chick magnets

As well as our occupation, we all know our car represents a personal status symbol.

We've all seen the current footy club car parks filled with BMWs, Saabs and now Volvos.

In 1979 the CFC car park was filled with classic



vehicles including Toranas, Kingwoods, HQs, Cortinas, Escorts and Datsun 180Bs.

Ricky Barham was obviously a chick magnet with his Ford Panel Van and Craig Stewart didn't quite get the question when he stated "Company Car" as his answer.

Seeing the world

Nowadays we take it for granted that the players travel the world either on end of season trips or off the proceeds of their annual contracts.

Likewise, back in 1979 a few select players nominated a number of exotic places as the best that they had visited. Including Greek Islands (Barry Price) and Asia (Peter Moore).

But spare a thought for a young Tony Shaw and the experienced Peter McCormack – both nominated Portlaid as the best place visited out of football and that wall before the smelter was built!



And poor Leigh Carlson, the night-time specialist, he simply said "Not Applicable".

Visionaries and the big issues

Footballers have seldom been known for their visionary outlook on life.

Back in 79 when asked for their suggested improvements for the VFL the following ground breaking issues were proposed:

- Better showers (the Kirk brothers, Derek Shaw and Wes Fellowes – hmmmm?)
- Better seats for the runner (Ray Bymel)
- Car park passes (Ross Brewer)
- Higher pay for reserves players (Peter Robinson – now there's a guy with ambition!).

Surprisingly, some players did see the big picture.

In his second season the young, short, slow Anthony Shaw's ambition of becoming "captain of Collingwood and playing in a premiership" proved to be worthy of ranking with the predictions of Nostradamus.

Some things never change

When the interviewer barks out the old hardest opponent question, the standard answer has been and will always be like a group of blokes at a tabletop dancing bar – "All hard".

But for some inexperienced youngsters, they lack the experience and can lose their heads under the





intense scrutiny of the interviewer. Take young Craig Considine who nominated G. Naylor from Richmond as his hardest opponent – not only does no-one in the football world or outside the Naylor family know him, young Considine doesn't even know his first name.

David Miers was another aspiring youngster for the Pies who later made is fame and fortune as the inventor of Blades footy boots. (One of my mate's brothers was good mates with him and got me all the players autographs back then, so I can't really slag off at him.)

But young Dave nominated Bill Valli as his hardest opponent, whilst his ambition was "to be the greatest, what else?" – hardly the answers of a sane rational man, your honour.

Personalities and NQRs

Speaking of Bill Valli he must have been seen as something of an outcast in days where cultural diversity was non-existent.



Whist almost everyone chose steak and beer as their favourite food and drink, Bill's favourites of "Italian Ouagges & Squid" and "Asti and grog" make me wonder why he wasn't able to find himself on his own away from his opponents more often than he did.

One thing that there was no shortage of back in 79 was personalities or those that were unique. Ronnie Wearmouth headed the pack of personalities and is long revered as a cult hero. His favourite TV shows were "Batman and

Sunday Morning Race/Trots replays".

His Best Player Seen was "Wayne Richardson (Many years ago)" – it should be noted that Wayne was still playing in season 79!

And Ronnie was the only interview that was asked the question 'Personal Description' to which he replied "Easy"

Billy Picken was another who shared many similarities with Ronnie, with his love of races, his somewhat eccentric personality and his place in history as a cult hero at Collingwood.

His favourite hobby of "stamp collecting" shows the true diversity of character of this legend who one minute could be dishing out a short right jab to Mark Maclure and then the next minute, steaming a stamp off the back of an envelope.

Hobbies

Stan the Man Magro is another cult hero on the top shelf with Ronnie and Billy and you've just gotta love one of his hobbies "Having a beer".

In retrospect, its not hard to see why things went downhill at Pie land a few years after 1979.



The cream of the crop of our youngsters at the time – Des Herbert, Adrian Kink, Mark Lawson and G L Anderson – all nominated their favourite hobbies as "Going to Parties".

Finally, it was clear to see why the balding, goofy ex-Fitzroy ruckman Geoff Austen didn't quite make it at Magpie land:

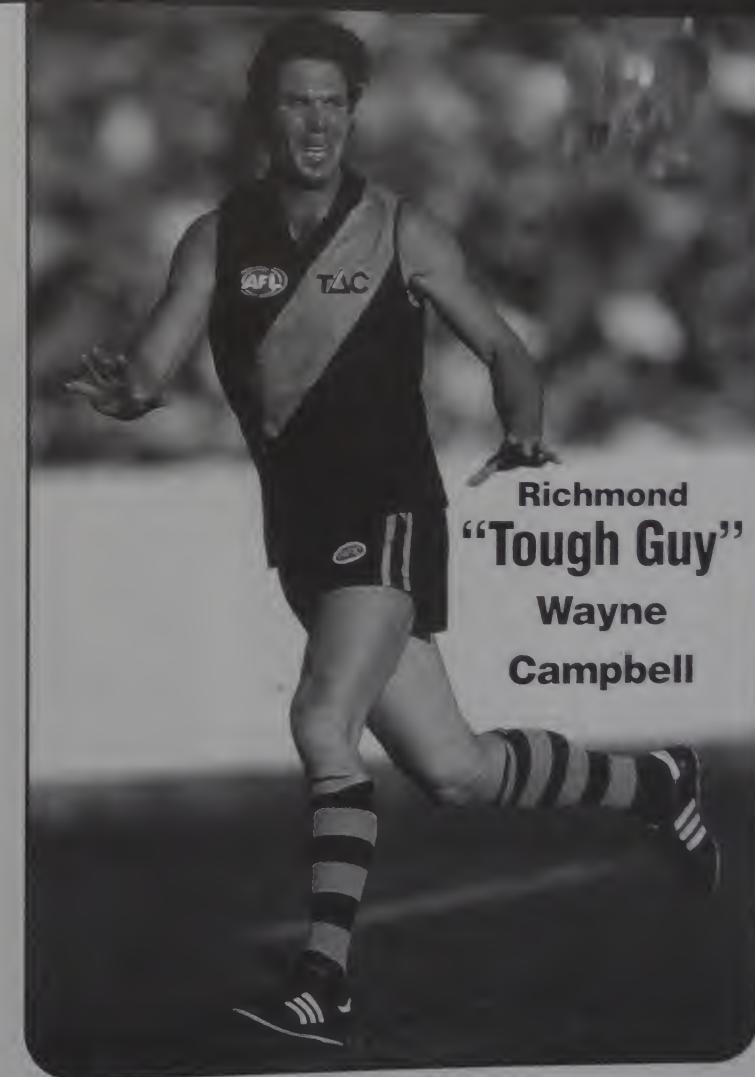
- Favourite Food – Vegetables
- Hobbies – Piano and Theatre

Where's the meat ya pinko vego and what's wrong with parties and the races???

Oh, those were the days my friends.

Do yourself a favour and get your hands on this yearbook if things get tough this winter.

Great Footy Oxymorons No. 372



Thommo & Tuddy

(Or, Thommo can do whatever he bloody well likes)

A STORY BY PETE BUTTWAGON

It was a beautiful spring day in 1971 and the Pies were playing Hawthorn at Vic Park. My Mum packed a lunch of egg and lettuce sandwiches, Loy's creamy soda and pollywaffles. Mum, Dad, me and our dog Tuddy jumped into the Kingswood that my Dad had purchased from Preston Motors, from their most distinguished salesman, Graeme 'Jerker' Jenkins.

Our Dog Tuddy had been uncharacteristically misbehaving so we decided to bring him along for the trip and leave him in the car in the back streets of Abbotsford, whilst we were at the game.

The teams ran out onto the ground and we waited patiently for the number 28 who always ran out last, the Brownlow Medallist, Len 'Thommo' Thompson.

He looked resplendent in his ultra-white ankle guards, recently resurrected for the Collingwood away uniform. He somehow managed to bend down and touch the ground a few times then walked to the centre circle and fondled the TW Sherrin, as he did every time he played.

He clasped his hands together to check the stickiness of the rosin that had been applied, then he just stood there looking like a god with his arms and legs shimmering in the sun. The smell of Penetrene, the footballers liniment, wafted down to the Yarra Falls end of the ground, where we were sitting on the fence.

It was a tight match and Hawthorn, with all their curly headed mongrels like Matthews, Martello and Parkin, were still in the match. Half way through the second quarter, to my disbelief, our dog Tuddy ran onto the field to pursue the Sherrin.



Some of the older grumpy Hawthorn players shoo-ed him away and it was ultimately left to the compassionate Thommo, who gently called Tuddy and cradled him in his arms like he was his own baby. He took him to the fence and gave him to one of the trainers who took him to the lost property department where I retrieved him later.

The unfortunate part of this episode is that the Pies went down that day. Thommo played a shocker, and I had been carrying the guilt of that loss with me for almost thirty years. That was until last year, when the opportunity for me to redeem myself, beckoned.

Thommo was selling his Brownlow and everyone was up in arms, except for me. I took out a loan for \$100,000 and headed off to Sotherby's on a mission to erase that guilt. I saw Thommo in the crowd and he seemed much taller than when he was playing. I pushed my way through the crowd and sidled up to him. I told him the story of my dog, Tuddy, and he seemed disinterested in my tale. Perhaps the memory of that fateful day was just too much for him and this made me even more determined to buy the medal. The auction was tense and as history will

show, a stamp collector from Adelaide won the bidding war with a bid of way over \$100,000. Plan B then swung into motion, I purchased a Copeland for \$25,000 and I felt completely exonerated from my self imposed guilt.

Tuddy the dog is no longer with us. His replacement is a naughty terrier called Leon and everybody loves him. He does not wear a council medallion around his neck, instead he wears the Copeland with pride and with honour. Go Leon!



REJECTED

Membership Campaigns

Not every club is lucky enough to have a Guru running the show. Luckily these membership campaigns were scrapped just in time...

BEWARE

Next
100 Years

KANGAROOS

RICHMOND

Adding
my voice to
the Tiger's
roar

Become a Richmond member NOW
call 1300 RABIDTIGER



HOT PIES

Join us for the ride in 2001

The more things change,
the more they stay the same.
Join the Saints and watch us run off the rails.

ST KILDA

ADELIADE

Join the Adelaide Crows

We are the pride of South Australia

HAWTHORN

Join the
Family
Club



Free sausage
sizzle every
Tuesday
night!

Are you ashamed, insipid and in debt.

HOT PIES



Mmm ... Chewy!



Protein packed

Available
in 2
varieties

- cold and claggy
- burnt like a brick

You saw the memories, you lived the tradition, now you can scoff

The Victoria Park Pie

Authentic left-over stock direct to the public

Hurry only 1.5 million left.

The Players We Love To hate

Peter Matera – Your time has come

What player do you look at and regardless of what deeds they show out on the field he still curls your lip and you begin growling at the mere presence of him in your mind.

You know what I mean, a player who it appears every time you watch a game or even see highlights of him in a round he galls at you to the point where you mumble obscenities that would make a truckie blush.

Welcome to my world of Peter Matera.

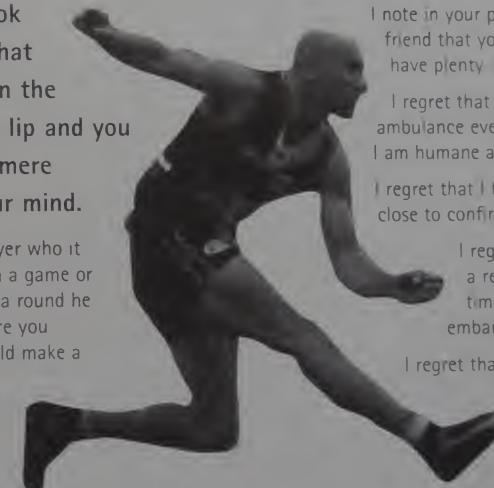
I think I should start from the ground up. First of all Peter pull your bloody socks up. It's not that they are down due to your incessant running....anymore.

The only reason your socks fall down these days is from being tossed aside in wrestling matches that you invariably start. Thrown out no doubt due to your lack of size, fighting ability and nails to scratch with.

Did you stop growing at the age of five? Does this explain why you constantly attempt to assert your manhood through creating fracas's that you never win.

Watching you in full flight running to a fight reminds me of Jennifer Gray running towards Patrick Swayze in Dirty Dancing. Except instead of Jennifers tight little unit I'm watching a man with the body of a fig.

Watching you play footy is like a cross between A Bugs Life and Professional Wrestling. The bug always gets squashed and yet the bug never learns.



I note in your profile my Mortein ridden friend that you have no regrets well I have plenty. Here's just a few:

I regret that they don't call an ambulance every time you enter a brawl. I am humane after all.

I regret that I have never seen you up close to confirm my X-File suspicions

I regret that I haven't requested a refund from God for all the time wasted watching you embarrass yourself on the field.

I regret that you played your first game against our great club back in 1990 and that you and your girlfriends beat us by 54 points.

On the other hand I don't regret that you are 32 years old and are on borrowed time, and I especially don't regret to tell you that Collingwood won the first ever AFL Grand Final in your debut year.

The twilight years are supposed to be a special time when people remember all the great achievements in a players career

My special snapshot of peter will be from the 1994 Qualifying final.

I'll never forget or forgive you for the send off you gave Tony Shaw. A dog act if ever there was. You'll never get a guernsey off my Christmas card list.

And let me tell you, I send a dam good christmas card pal



High returns and very little interest

Congratulations on making a wise investment and buying a copy of Hot Pies, Australia's most popular sporting fanzine. With so much mis-information going around the financial world it's good to know there's at least one investment that still provides good returns. 'Hot Pies collectors editions' now fetch over (AUD) \$4,032.5 each. (If you can get em'.) That's a staggering 210% return in less than 12 months.

Hot Pies can be purchased from the Collingwood merchandise shop at Vicky Park, or Melbourne Sports Books, Flinders St. City. But nothing beats the thrill of getting one pre-match. You should be able to find us on MCG gamedays loitering around the two train stations, and Docklands games sort of around that big red thing on the Bourke St. footbridge.



MEDIA TOSSE OF THE MONTH

Caro 'Wanker' Wilson

I'd like everybody to join hands and pray. Pray bloody hard.

Pray that this season is a quick one. Pray for some reason that your car breaks down every single Tuesday night of the footy season and you get home too late for Talking Footy.

Pray that some imbecile at Channels Nine, Ten or Fox don't see something that doesn't exist and the entire football universe knows for a fact just isn't there (we're talking talent here ... among other things) and decides to give this woman a contract to play some significant role on our Footy TV next year.

This edition's Media Tosser of the Month, while based on some very solid evidence, is in a way a pre-emptive strike because we know that Wilson will not be able to help herself. That is, help herself not looking like a complete and utter git on telly as she has in the papers and on radio for what seems like an eternity now.

For those of you who are not familiar with her work she is a cross between The Nanny and Pam Shriver (read pinko-femmo diatribes in a whiney voice) while shamelessly copying the style of journalistic luminaries such as Mike Munro and Simon Townsend.

But the rot goes deeper than what may simply appear to be the opinion of Hot Pies.

Her father used to be the president of Richmond. She is devil sporn.

No doubt she wandered the grounds of Punt Road as a kid and learnt something about footy. But what did she learn?

That she learnt to be a second-rate hack journo is no great surprise. That she learnt to never come up with anything positive to say about the game is also no great surprise. That she lacks in originality and takes swipes at easy targets is also no great surprise. She is Richmond.

What is even less of a surprise is her lack of loyalty. It was years ago now when she first came

to prominence in the media after whingeing that she wouldn't be let into the Richmond change rooms after a game to interview players.

And she was also the reason Richmond "Tough Guy" Wayne Campbell (Eds we piss ourselves every time) almost left Tigerland after she revealed publicly that he was pissed off at being on the trade market when he wasn't. Campbell wouldn't speak to her for two years.

Apart from being a complete tosser, using her privileged position to scab on her old club – even tho it's only Richmond – is unforgiveable.

Thank Jock, she aint one of us.

The other thing that really riles Hot Pies, apart from her constant negativity, is her self-serving personal bandwagons.

Currently it's a sheila on the AFL board Fair cop, nobody's complaining about that one. Only it aint the public service mate, and affirmative bloody action bollocks just doesn't have a place in footy. If that was the case Lee Walker would still be getting a game.

I think even most female football followers would agree that when their player is squaring up to shirtfront an opposition player on the wing, that tingling feeling going down their spine aint got nothing to do with the knowledge that there is a female member of the AFL board.

Get a freakin' life Wilson!

What makes this bandwagon all the more smelly is that Caro is pushing one of her mates into the job. Objective journalism at its Wilsonest.

The Age should not waste its readers' time with the occasional disclaimer at the end of her articles (an ever-increasing occurrence HP notes) and just put in a permanent note at the end of all of her articles. Something along the lines of: DEVIL SPORN TOSSE – that should explain most things she says and put people in the picture.

As dear ol' Gran used to say: If you aint got anything nice (or intelligent witty or interesting) to say, then Piss Off.



Photo courtesy of
The Age personnel
department



IT'S BEEN TOUGH

I had to turn somewhere for a fix. Thank Bucks for the Internet. I discovered there are others out there just like me.

www.afl.com.au

Kept me going during the slave trade – great humour file and a full run down on all the young draftees.

www.collingwoodfc.com.au

Subscribe for the weekly e-newsletter. The Club has given the fans what they want with this one. It's so good it has almost caught up to the unofficial sites!

www.magpies.org.au

The original and still one of the best – Nick's Collingwood Page. During the season it runs live scoreboards, as well as offering users their own magpie email address. In the off season the bulletin board provided safe haven for fellow fanatics some of whom turned to following English Premier League (any footy will do) to get them through the long summer.

<http://www.magpies.org.au/rant/>

Another weekly e-newsletter to subscribe to. The Collingwood Rant kept up the footy analysis during the pre-season. Head ranted Sily even wrote a screenplay – the brilliant Ashes and Envy – an inspirational start to the year. The site also contains the definitive list of player nicknames – essential for anyone wishing to not sound like full of street cred!

<http://www.magpies.org.au/buckleysurfers/>
Just like the great man, the Buckley Surfers site continues to get better every season and provided us with detailed pre-season training notes and pictures. Driver's digital camera even brought us snapshots from the jumper launch.

<http://www.magpies.org.au/extreme/>
Hot Rod's Extreme Black & White site complimented Driver's training notes with details on the drills the players went through. For the transcribing amongst us he even went into how the players lined up for match practice, new nicknames included.

I'm sure this equates to the online equivalent of 100-100%.

Imagine the info you'll be able to get online when the real stuff starts.

BRING IT ON



HOTPIES



The Mad Mick

Turning finger pointing into an artform.

MISSED THE JACKPOT

I'll never forget the unbridled optimism the cheerquad exhibited when I joined their ranks in 1985. As a newly signed up member I received a patch to sew onto my duffel coat. (OK, I admit – for my Mum to sew on). It was a caricature of captain Mark Williams clutching the 1985 premiership cup. They truly believed

In recent times the cheerquad has been as united as the Democrats. In the last few years we've actually had two – the official and the unofficial. No more!

This year there is only one and if the pre-season form of Jotta (see him standing in the new AFL ad) and All is anything to go by this will be a force to be reckoned with. They've been unified by his kindness and challenged to become the loudest, most supportive group in the league. The Army is on the march.

BRING IT ON

if you can't love yourself, then.....

Is it really true? Are we really a better than average team this year? Do we really have a good chance of making the finals? Has a new football dynasty been born? Does Eddie McGuire ever get sick of the sound of his own voice?

Unfortunately for everyone in the football world the answer is an emphatic "YES" (except the bit about Eddie) and it's about bloody time too!

For too long success has been more elusive than finding an Essendon supporter who isn't a complete tosser. Now is the turning point as the Malthouse thumbprint is driven hard into the psyche of our boys. That's what makes this wave

Eddietorial



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HOTPIES





Rug-Rats.

From left, Graeme John, Bill Kelly, Colin Carter, Graeme John, Ron Evans, Wayne, Chris Langford and the bloke they got rid of.

Which AFL Commissioner has a secret?

See if you can lift the lid and find out which one of these so-called football braintrust dudes is wearing a rug. Send your answers into Hot Pies at hotpies@vicnet.net.au and we'll send you a free AFL-approved toupee.

Free Subscriptions Now!

Ask Us How!

Name this current Carlton player recently snapped in the MCG rooms after getting belted by Richo) and you could win a free subscription to Hot Pies.

Simply email us at hotpies@vicnet.net.au with the subject heading "Lance" as well as your answer and if you're the best correct entry pulled out of the Hot Pies competition banner you're a winner.



Ask a stoopid question

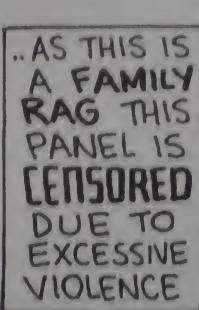
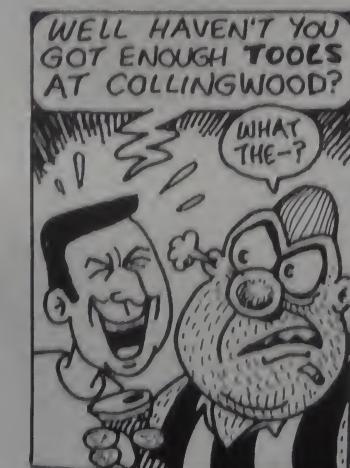
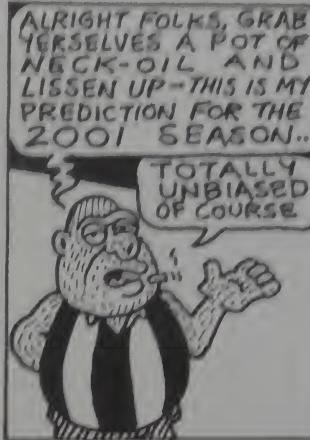
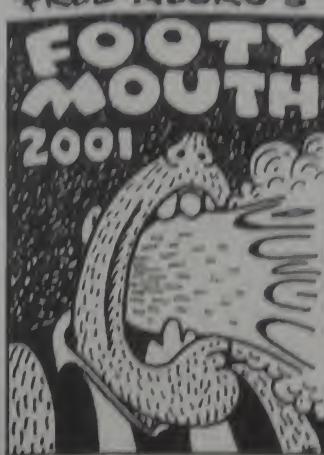
As we all know Collingwood is the most democratic of all football clubs.

Unfortunately the price of that democracy is the nuffnuffs who line up to ask their annual billtearer of a stoopid question at every Annual General Meeting.

Now is your chance to waste time without copping fifty metres or bothering to turn up at the AGM.

Just send in your most stupidest, inane, rhetorical or completely irrelevant question for your chance for it to be posed at the Great Council of Chiefs Conference (aka Eddie's Gromies Inc.) in November.

Hot Pies will personally ask the best of the worst at the AGM on our fans' behalf.



HOTPIES

Join Joycie for all the fun in 2001

Gavin Brown may be gone
but he is far from forgotten.
Join Joycie every Wednesday
for her weekly personal
Gavin Brown testimonial at
the Collingwood Tabaret.

Not only can you hear her
crap on for two hours about
how good Brownie really
was but you also have a
chance to take home the big
\$200 Bingo jackpot.

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